

Chapter 3

The Ominous Mr. Bear Bear

Tim woke up from his nap and rubbed his eyes, removing the sleepy specs that had accumulated during his nap. As he looked around, it took him a moment to remember where he was and what had happened. He sat up and thought to himself, "hmm guess I'm awake. This is weird. It's the first time I've been awake where I haven't been supervised." Even when he was in the playpen, someone was always watching him. But this was perfect for Tim, as he could finally compose his thoughts better. He then saw that Mr. Bear Bear was still under

his arm, and he wasn't sure when he had come up with calling him that, but he felt like it fit. He then said to Mr. Bear Bear, "What do you think I should do about all this baby stuff?" However, with his now limited vocabulary and the pacifier in his mouth, it was completely incoherent to anyone but Tim himself and his new best friend. He then figured he would have to try to get his mother's attention somehow, but honestly, he didn't have a clue on how to do that. He paced in his roomy crib until the feeling of being trapped in his comfy prison became too much to bear, even though in reality it was closer to two or three minutes of waddling around the crib and working himself up. This

finally boiled over as Tim lost himself and one tear became two, and before he knew it, he was full on bawling his eyes out and making quite a racket.

His mother came into the room and said, "Looks like my little man is up!" She approached the edge of the crib and said, "Aww, honey, what's wrong? Did somebody wake up on the grumpy end of Dream Town?" Tim looked up and giggled at the funny words his mother had said. He felt like he was having trouble understanding exactly what she meant, but he figured it didn't matter. His mother had finally come to save him from the wooden

jail cell. He held his arms up, clearly wanting to be picked up. The thing is, he was still holding Mr. Bear Bear, and so when his mother picked him up, this caused Mr. Bear Bear to fall out from under his arm, which reignited the nearly subsided tears. All his mother heard from her child's mouth was "babababababa," unclearly wanting his bear bear back.

Fortunately for Tim, his mother was very understanding, realizing what the problem was fairly quickly. She reached into the crib with one arm while supporting Tim under his padded tushie with her other. She then handed him the bear, which helped Tim quiet down. She then said to him, "My little Timmy loves his Mr. Bear

Bear, doesn't he?" He then thought that it was funny that his mother knew his bear friend's name too. But she can't understand me? How does she know the silly name I came up with? He thought to himself. Then it dawned on him that his grown-up mind and his baby mind may be merging and that's why things had felt so off to him. Its like gaining a section of memories from the life he was now living.

This was promptly interrupted when his mother placed Tim onto the changing table for what felt like the bazillionth time for Tim. He tried to shout, "How many times a day am I gonna wet my pants?" but again, he

just sounded like a grumpy baby. But his mother did understand one thing from that, her grumpy little baby was in no mood for a diaper change.

Tim put on a grumpy face as he held Mr. Bear Bear close while his mother started untaping his diaper. Fortunately, this time Tim had only wet, which while annoying for him, was also a relief, which also bothered him in itself. He held his stuffed bear while playing with his hands as his mother wiped him down with a damp washcloth and eventually pulled out the soiled diaper from underneath him. She then grabbed a fresh diaper, this one a Huggies with Mickey

Mouse characters on it, and placed it under his butt. She powdered and lotioned him up, taped the diaper securely, and declared that Tim needed something adorable to wear to the store. At that point, Tim had stopped paying attention to anything but Mr. Bear Bear, then his mother took his shirt off, leaving him topless for the first time since he got small. This was a little embarrassing, but it did give him an opportunity to see what was hiding under his shirt. No more chest hair, in fact, no hair anywhere aside from the top of his head, of course. He looked himself over, sitting upright and still on the changing table when his mother returned with what looked like a t-shirt

and some jeans. But as she dressed him, he thought the shirt was odd since it had buttons on the bottom and not in the way they would normally go. These ones had them strewn on the bottom from left to right, not up and down like a normal button-up shirt, but she put it on and buttoned it. He felt secure, like his diaper was extra snug with this new shirt on. As for the jeans, these too were odd as they had some kind of strap that went over the front and latched onto a button on either side of him. To those in the know, which Tim was not, he'd just be dressed in a diaper, a onesie, and a pair of overalls, all the while oblivious to his outfit and too his soon to be predicament. The

prospect of going out as he is would've had him mortified, but fortunately for him and his mother's sake, he was completely oblivious to what was transpiring. She then brought him downstairs and placed him in a baby bouncer as she did she declared she had only a few things left to do before they can go. Tim just sat there in the bouncer with his bear friend in his arms, a pacifier in his mouth, and a content expression on his face. He sat there in a trance-like state for an obscured amount of time before his mother returned, picked him up, and headed for the front door. She then opened the door and was on a course for the 4 door sedan that sat in the driveway. It was around this

time Tim began to panic a little, unsure of what was happening as his mother led him to the car. She placed him into a weird seat and strapped him in. He was still clutching tightly to Mr. Bear Bear as he was locked in place in the car. Looks like Tim, Mr. Bear Bear, and his mother were going on an adventure that Tim had most certainly not signed up for.